



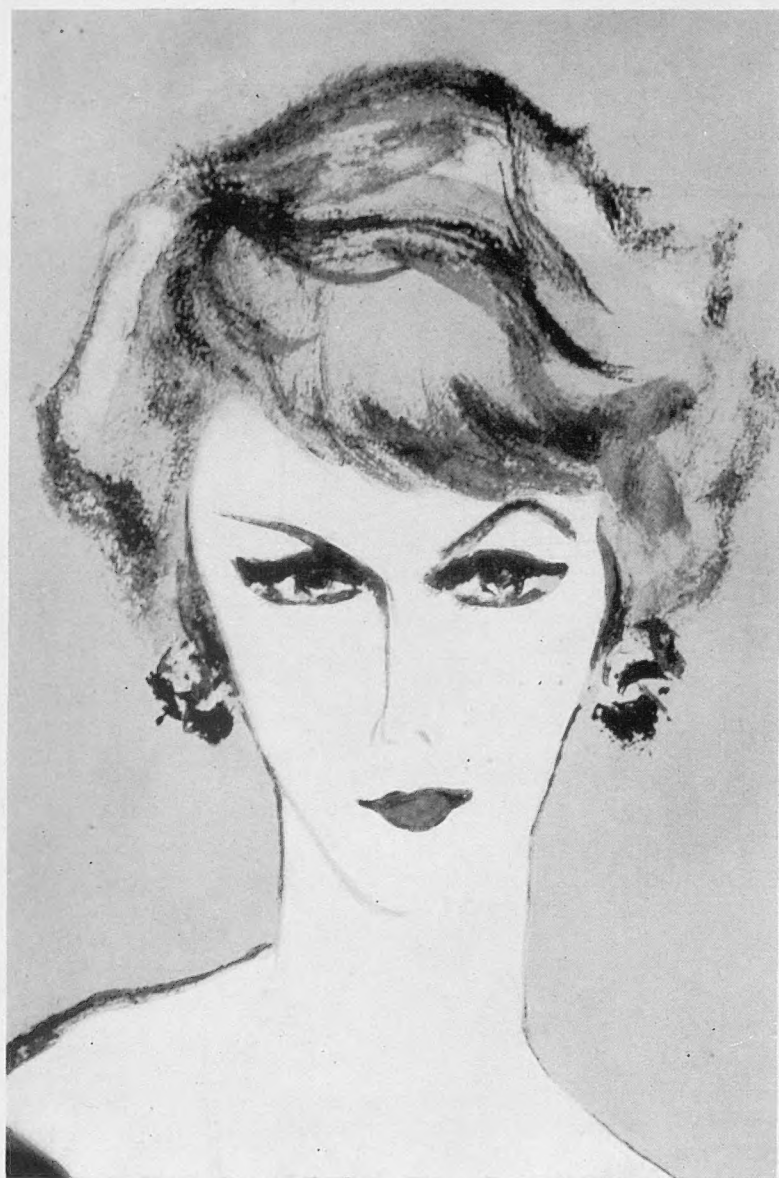
THE Tatler

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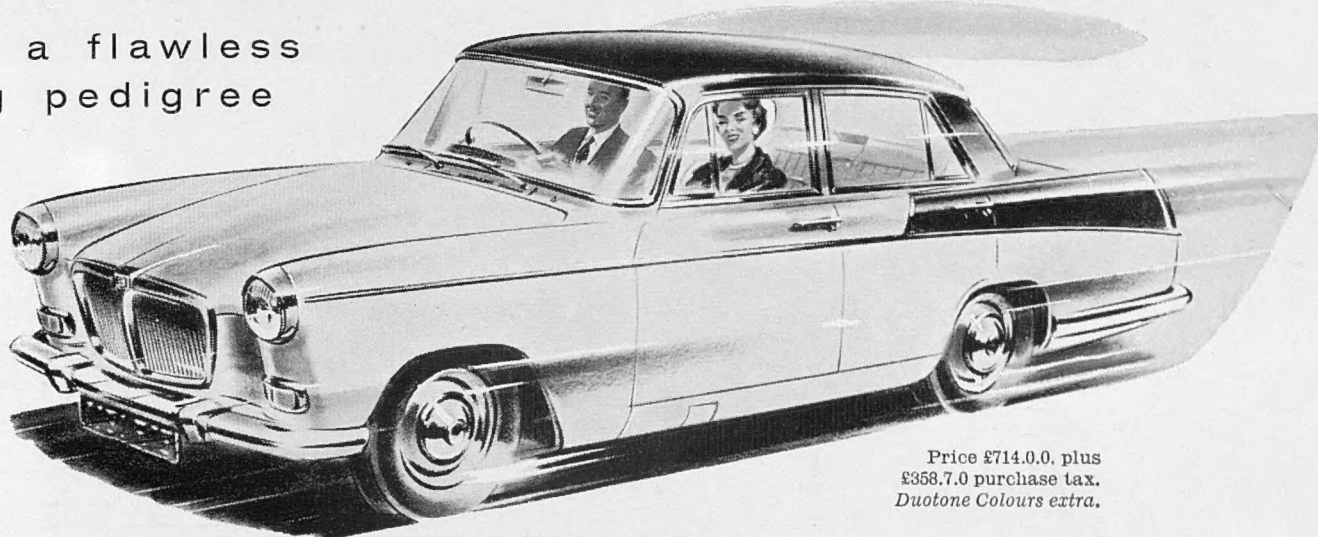


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WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

Sport to beat the weather

by John Mann

FEBRUARY is a month with a mean look in its eye. Some gardener acquaintances of mine retire with their seedlings under glass with gentle heat for its duration, but this is a counsel of perfection for most of us—besides increasing the risk of frostbite and bronchitis in March. Vigorous outdoor activity is the better solution and a glance at the calendar shows that this is widely recognized. Important racing fixtures of the month include two-day meetings at Windsor on Friday & Saturday, Leicester, Newbury and Lingfield Park in succession next week, and later in the month Catterick Bridge (20–21), Wolverhampton (23–24), and Manchester (27–28). In a quite different field of endeavour, the ladies are staging some hockey and lacrosse epics. I have counted no fewer than 14 regional clashes for the month on grounds as far apart as Ipswich, Exeter, Winchester and York. I hope that the touchlines will be crowded with men chivalrously (and impartially) urging the teams on; with the prudent afterthought that the harder they do it, the warmer they will keep.

Other sporting events range from the Irish Open table-tennis championships at Belfast (27–28), to the Waterloo Cup at Altcar (11 & 13). But of all fortunes to follow, those of the skaters are surely by far the best. With their relatives and supporters they are due at Davos for the European Figure Championships (5–12), then with hardly a breath taken go to Oslo for the World Speed Championships (14–15), and after a short rest hare off to Colorado Springs for the World Figure Championships (24–28). The word "February" must be music in their ears.

After all this strenuousness one looks forward to some relaxation, and advance news comes of several interesting social events. First is the Special Performance of *Gigi* in the presence of the Queen on Monday, 2 March, in aid of the Family Welfare Association. This is at 8.30 p.m. and tickets can be had from Mrs. Eric Penn or Viscountess Sandon at the F.W.S., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. The "Horse and Hound" dinner and ball takes place at Grosvenor House on 19 March. Proceeds will go to the Olympic Games & International Equestrian Fund. Tickets from the Secretary, 96 Long Acre,

W.C.2. Finally, lectures are being given (with sherry) at the Naval & Military Club, Piccadilly, in aid of the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation. Next Tuesday Tamara Talbot-Rice speaks on the Russian Exhibition, and on 18 March Mr. Lanning Roper on "Spring in English Gardens." Tickets are a guinea for either lecture, from Lady Heald, O.B.E., 124 Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Cruft's Show is such a magnet for dog-lovers that it is hardly necessary to remind them that Friday and Saturday are their great days at Olympia. A cat fan myself, I have a good deal of sympathy with these less-gifted quadrupeds who thrive so wonderfully in a man-made environment, and respond so flexibly to the breeder's skill.

Theatrical events are rather sparse in the next few weeks, and the chief event of note in London is the coming of Shelagh Delany's "A Taste Of Honey" to Wyndham's next Tuesday. This controversial play by an Angry Young Woman (the only one so far, I am told) is not by any means everybody's meat, but is said to give a new meaning to the word "realistic." Meanwhile devotees of the theatre who find the evenings hanging on their hands should inquire about the excellent programmes given in the R.A.D.A.'s Vanbrugh Theatre. This month they can have a choice of Enid Bagnold's *Lottie Dundass*, Pinero's *The Times*, and Dryden's *Marriage A La Mode*. All tickets are now unreserved, and I can think of no greater encouragement to the students than to get a good public response to this gesture. The productions are at 7.30, and there are several matinées. For dates apply to the R.A.D.A., Malet St., W.C.1.

Diary dates

Feb. 10. City of London Art Exhibition, at Guildhall (to 28 Feb.).

Feb. 11. Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Spring Show, Balmoral, Belfast (to 13).

Feb. 12. The Opera Ball, Dorchester Hotel.

Feb. 13. The Highland Ball, at Claridge's.

Feb. 21. St. Pancras Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall (to 21 March).

Feb. 24. New American Painting, Tate Gallery (to 22 March).

THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Candle Light Restaurant, May Fair Hotel, W.1. "Here is an immense choice on the menu... they have wine en carafe, which is a help to young people out dancing on a limited budget."

John Lewis, Oxford Street. "It may not occur to you to lunch in a large department store, but if you do so here you will be delighted."

Gatwick Airport Restaurant. "A magnificent view over the countryside from your table... food of high quality and some unusual specialities... a sensible wine list in support."

The Orchard, Ruislip. "About 12 miles from Piccadilly Circus. First class English and French cuisine; large wine list. Directed with much verve."

The Hellenique, 51 Whitecomb St., W.C.2. "Greek and Oriental foods of high quality, and personal attention from the boss."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Long And The Short And The Tall (Royal Court Theatre). "A patrol lost in the Malayan jungle... they talk as soldiers talk when their nerves are on edge... this unease communicates itself to the audience, growing more and more sensitive to mounting tension."

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Theatrically effective... acted with virtuosity... we know exactly where we are."

Irma La Douce (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity... a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works... with sympathetic vivacity."

The Tunnel Of Love (Apollo Theatre). "A farce on a delicate theme... a wild escapade... With Mr. Brian Reece."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

New Year's Sacrifice. "... a naïve little film... it has been charmingly directed by Mr. Sang Hu, and the customs and ceremonies of a bygone age are presented quite fascinatingly."

Old Man Motorcar. "A must for all who adore old cars."

Auntie Mame. "Miss Russell invests her 'impressions' with such wit and elegance and, at the same time, such warmth and tenderness, that I was wholly enchanted."

The Little Island. "Mr. Richard Williams's brilliant cartoon... imaginatively handles a conflict between Truth, Good and Beauty. Mr. Tristram Cary's witty music provides the ideal accompaniment."

Bachelor Of Hearts. "It is altogether a sunny film—and should prove tonic in time of fog."





Vandyk

Miss Susan Milne to Mr. John Burgess: She is the daughter of Mr. D. H. Milne, Lowerdean Manor, Northleach, and Mrs. T. Fairley, Kensington Place, W.8. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Burgess, Parkfield Avenue, Amersham



Desmond Groves

Miss Ann Caladine to Mr. John H. Lord: She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Caladine, Woodend, Castleton, Rochdale. He is the younger son of Sir Frank & Lady Lord, Hall Rd., Werneth, Oldham, Lancashire



Lenare

Miss Susan H. Waller to Mr. Alexander T. Dalgety: She is the younger daughter of W/Cdr. & Mrs. W. H. Waller, Poplars Farm, Brampton, Huntingdon. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Dalgety, Broomy Lodge, Linwood, Ringwood



Yevonde

Miss Diana E. Mackie to Mr. Geoffrey P. S. Woodward: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. Grenville Mackie, Tinamara, Greenisland, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. S. Woodward, Laleston, Bridgend, Glamorgan



Vane

Miss Sarah Dickinson to Mr. Timothy Lapage Norris: She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. D. C. G. Dickinson, and Mrs. J. Brooke, Honeyhill, Eastcombe, near Stroud, Glos. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. D. Lapage Norris, Field House, Minchinhampton



Miss Suzan Georgina Longfield to Mr. Edward Ralph Dexter: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Longfield, Moonhills, Bracknell, Berks. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Dexter, Piazza Repubblica, Milan. He is the England Test cricketer

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Barry Swaab

SOCIAL JOURNAL

St. Moritz enjoys a January boom

by JENNIFER

THE
Tatler
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3004

4 February 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: More new features. 1. *Controversy*, first of an occasional pictorial series; 2. *Interview*, by Monica Furlong. Also: Muriel Bowen reports her experiences of fox-hunting round the world.

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IN THE MIDDLE OF JANUARY St. Moritz usually seems comparatively empty. The Christmas-New Year visitors have gone, and the big international influx of people who come here to ski in the much warmer sunshine of February, has yet to come. But this year I found this unique resort quite full. Ski-ing conditions were perfect and the sun shone all three days I was there.

I stayed as always in the superbly comfortable Palace Hotel to which patrons return year after year. On my first evening I had a cocktail with Mme. Badrutt, who since her late husband (the famous Monsieur Hans Badrutt) died in 1953 has run this hotel with her stepson M. Andrea Badrutt and her son M. Hansli Badrutt. At a small, but gay and witty party in her charming suite that evening, her guests included Noël Coward who had enjoyed every moment of his stay here and was off to New York to do some hard work. Then, he told me, he was going

to his home in Jamaica, which I found enchanting when I visited him there a few years ago. Incidentally, he tells me his new ballet opens in London on 13 July at the Royal Festival Hall. This will be an important social and artistic occasion.

The prince's green jacket

The vivacious and sociable Prince Johannes Thurn & Taxis was there wearing the smart dark green jacket with cerise tie and facings which is traditionally worn only by members of his family. Major Tony Aylmer, a former skipper of the Army Cresta team, was there, and another guest who has a tremendous sense of humour and added sparkle to the party was Baron Erwein Gécmén von Waldek who is running the famous and exclusive Corviglia Club with success. Lovely Princess Soraya, staying at the Palace quietly with

continued on page 195

Farnham—Gunnis: Miss Diana Gunnis, elder daughter of Mr. N. Gunnis, Sissinghurst, Kent, and Mrs. M. Cory Wright, Hitchin, married Lord Farnham, son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, M.P., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Weddings



Dormer—Battine: Miss Daphne Margaret Battine, elder daughter of the late Capt. O. J. Battine, and of Mrs. G. Hamilton, Thurloe Square, London, S.W., married Mr. Michael H. S. Dormer, only son of Capt. & Mrs. R. S. Dormer, Bowdown House, Newbury, at Brompton Oratory



Hanbury-Tenison—Hopkinson: Miss Marika Hopkinson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Hopkinson, Wellington Square, Chelsea, married Mr. Airling Robin Hanbury-Tenison, son of Mrs. R. J. M. Tenison, Lough Bawn, Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan, Eire, at Chelsea Old Church



Lillywhite—de Mahé: Princesse Fiona Elizabeth de Mahé, daughter of Prince & Princess de Mahé, Greenhill House, Upham, near Southampton, and of Limuru, Kenya, married Mr. Martin L. Lillywhite, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Lillywhite, Chilham, Kent, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Steel—Villiers: Lady Rosemary Villiers, daughter of the late Lord Hyde, & of Lady Hyde, Freckenham House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, married Mr. Richard Steel, son of Sir Christopher & Lady Steel, British Embassy, Bonn, Western Germany, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



Gibson—Pryor: Miss Charlotte H. Pryor, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Pryor, Manuden House, near Bishop's Stortford, Herts, married Major William D. Gibson, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Gibson, Landwade Hall, Exning, Suffolk, at St. Michael's, Bishop's Stortford



Trotter—Nash: Miss Rosemary Valentine Nash, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry H. Nash, The Bridge House, Easton Grey, Malmesbury, Wilts, married Mr. Martin F. Trotter, son of Major & Mrs. F. L. Trotter, Mells Park, Frome, Somerset, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1



Cox—Love: Miss Caroline A. McNeill Love, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. McNeill Love, Seward's Farm, Brickendon, Hertford, married Dr. Murray Newell Cox, son of the Rev. Roland & Mrs. Cox, Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, W.C.2



Wilson—d'Erlanger: Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, daughter of Sir Gerard & Lady d'Erlanger, Hyde Park Street, W. married Mr. Douglas Wilson, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Garthe House, Marlow, Bucks at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption. See Jennifer, p. 196

her mother, was out ski-ing most days, an enchanting but rather sad figure, always impeccably dressed. Another beautiful young woman who is spending a couple of months in St. Moritz with her husband in their villa is the Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza (née Fiona Campbell-Walter). They have their baby daughter Francesca with them; she came down with her mother to meet friends at the Palace one day.

A Cresta "runlet" mooted

St. Moritz provides so many diversions. Besides the new teleferic up to the Piznair a number of new ski-lifts have been built in recent years resulting in a variety of ski-runs as good as anywhere in Switzerland. The hazardous Cresta toboggan run here is unique and is becoming so popular that the committee is considering building a second and smaller one for beginners.

Then there is the bob run where I watched the Marquess of Hamilton and Mr. Bill McCowan going down a few seconds before they had a rather severe crash. The Marquess sustained an arm injury needing a number of stitches and Mr. McCowan hurt his legs. The world bobsleigh championship takes place at St. Moritz on 7-15 February when riders from Great Britain, the U.S., France, Belgium, Italy, Poland, Spain and Switzerland will be competing.

The skating rinks, always supplied with lilting music, were well patronized and there was intense activity at the curling rinks. Sir Gordon Richards who was at the Palace

with Lady Richards is an enthusiastic curler; after dark they will both sometimes join in the fun downstairs in the bowling alley at the Palace.

Sometimes guests who don't want to dine formally in the restaurant have a grill down here, or dine over at the Chesa Veglia, which is typically old-world Swiss (it was built in 1658 and has a perfect cuisine), or at one of the many enchanting smaller restaurants in and around St. Moritz.

Where is the casino?

For those who enjoy the more formal and glamorous occasions there are the great gala dinners for which St. Moritz is famous, and the lavish private parties which are given from time to time in the Engadine Stuebli of the Palace by one of the many international millionaires who come here. There is even a casino in St. Moritz where they play *la boule*, but I have never met anyone who has visited it!

Mr. & Mrs. Loel Guinness have been at the Palace for some weeks with a family party, as has Mr. Charles Oppenheimer whose wife was expected early this month; also (but for a shorter stay) Sir Gawaine Baillie, Mr. & Mrs. Robin McAlpine and Miss Carolyn McAlpine, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine, Mr. Nicholas Mavroleon and his attractive wife, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Martineau, and Dr. & Mrs. S. Leonard Simpson.

Ski-ing families—and M.P.s

Others enjoying the delights of St. Moritz last month were Viscount Astor and his seven-year-old son the Hon. William Astor, and other members of his family including the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Astor and their two sons, the Hon. "Jakey" and Mrs. Astor and their children, Mr. Patrick and the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo (she had the misfortune to break an ankle ski-ing) with their son Damon and daughter Stephanie, Lady Daphne Straight and her daughters Camilla & Amanda (they were joined for part of the time by Mr. Whitney Straight), Mr. David & Lady Caroline Somerset, and Mr. Bill Tucker, the famous manipulative surgeon, and his wife. Most of these were staying at Suvretta House.

Viscountess Bearsted and her daughters the Hon. Felicity and the Hon. Camilla Samuel were also at St. Moritz, as were Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, M.P., with his wife and two elder sons Simon and Colin and their young friend Mr. Bogó Ivanovic, young Gavin Tweedie a promising young skier who has been out here four seasons, Mr. Anthony Kershaw, M.P., with his wife and younger daughter, Mr. & Mrs. Donald Fraser (he was going on direct by air to South Africa), the Hon. Derek & Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Davies and their sons (the elder one Hugh tried his skill down the Cresta), and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Duncanson out from Sussex with some of their family.

Lady Lovat was ski-ing with some of her family, Lady Stamp I saw watching racing on the Cresta, and others here were Viscount & Viscountess Bledisloe and their two sons Christopher and David, who like their father ride the Cresta, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Robert Readhead, and Sir William Rootes, who was created a baron in the New Year's Honours

and was out here for a few days with his wife who has a villa here.

A broken leg

Mr. Stavros Niarchos was here with his elder son Philip (a charming little boy with perfect manners) whom I met out with his governess; alas, he broke his leg ski-ing two days later. Mrs. Niarchos and their younger son were expected to join them at the end of the month.

Other regular St. Moritz visitors expected during February include Italian Princess Carla Boncompagni, Comte Agusta and family from Milan, and Signor Gianni Agnelli with his lovely wife and several members of his family. South American M. & Mme. Arturo Lopez, and Senhor Carlos Fernandez, Americans Mr. Charles Wadell and his family, Mrs. Warren Pershing, Mr. & Mrs. W. de Vigier, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Heaton; and Senhor J. del Amo and his American-born wife from Madrid.

A week for weddings

On my return from Switzerland I went to three weddings in a week. The first was at Holy Trinity, Brompton, where the flowers (done by Constance Spry) were the most beautifully arranged that I have ever seen in this church. Here Lord Farnham married Miss Diana Gunnis, daughter of Mr. Nigel Gunnis and Mrs. Michael Cory Wright, who made a lovely bride in a French braided lace dress, with her tulle veil held in place by a headdress of Christmas roses and hyacinth petals. She was attended by two pages, Andrew Martin Smith and Oliver Parker, in long red velvet trousers and cream shirts.

There were five child bridesmaids: Lucinda Martin Smith, Leila Rasch, Julie Remington Hobbs, Fiona Morrison and Jane Middleton, and four older bridesmaids, the bride's sister Miss Gillian Gunnis, Miss Sheelin Maxwell, Miss Miranda Martin Smith and Miss Sally Martin Smith. They all wore dresses with red velvet bodices and full skirts of ivory satin. The reception was held at Londonderry House.

Among the guests

At this wedding guests included the bridegroom's grandmother the Dowager Lady Farnham, in great form, greeting numerous friends, his brother Mr. Simon Maxwell who was best man, and their uncle and aunt Major Mark and the Hon. Mrs. Milbank. Mrs. Milbank, who looked charming in dark red, received the guests with the bride's parents. Also there were the Marquess & Marchioness Camden, Sir Norman Gwatkin, the Hon. Mrs. William Rollo (who was expecting her husband to join her at the reception), her son Mr. Billy Abel Smith and his wife, Sir Geoffrey & Lady Cory-Wright, Lady Heald and Miss Elizabeth Heald, Mrs. Derek Schreiber and her daughter Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth, General Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones, Viscount & Viscountess Harcourt and her sister Lady Doughty-Tichborne (they were also at the second wedding), the Countess of Brecknock and her son the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Girardet and Mrs. Stanley with Mr. Peter Stanley & Miss Sarah Stanley.

continued overleaf

Other People's Babies

SIMON, 14 months, with his mother, Mrs. Jaime Gonzalez Moreno, at her Cadogan Square home



Barry Swaab

Other young people I met included the Earl & Countess of Bective who spend a lot of the year in Ireland, Capt. & Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Mrs. Michael Colvin, Miss Jacynth Lindsay, Mr. Robin Howard, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. & Mrs. James Morrison who had a little bridesmaid daughter, Mr. Jamie Judd and his sister Caroline, and Lady Clarissa Duncombe happily better after the fall she had out hunting before Christmas.

Apple-blossom coronet

The second wedding took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, when Mr. Ivor Coats, son of Lt.-Col. Jimmy & Lady Amy Coats, married Miss Gay Pinckney, daughter of Doctor & Mrs. Charles Pinckney. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an ivory satin gown with a tulle veil held in place by a coronet of apple-blossom and pearls. She had one grown-up bridesmaid, Lady Mary Stopford (who wore a dress of flame coloured satin), and a retinue of children. They were Sarah Coats, Annabel Dent, Lucy Fisher, Joanna Gibbs and Catherine and Harriet Petherick, and wore long dresses of white organza with flame sashes.

Lt.-Col. J. S. & Lady Amy Coats received the guests with Dr. & Mrs. Pinckney at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. Among those present were the bridegroom's grandmother Helen Duchess of Richmond & Gordon, his uncle and aunts the Duke & Duchess of Richmond & Gordon just back from America, and Viscountess Knollys (whose husband was away on a business trip to Australia and the Far East) with her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Owen, the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law Mr. & Mrs. Alistair Coats (whose little girl was a bridesmaid), the bride's grandmother Mrs. Percy Pinckney, her brother Mr. David Pinckney who was chief usher, and her uncle and aunt Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Pinckney with their son and daughter.

Also there were Cdr. & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, Mr. Peter Coats, the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Crossley, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Petherick (whose little girls were bridesmaids), Lady Ropner chic in black with a green velvet cap, Mr. Robin & the Hon. Mrs. Dent who also had a small bridesmaid daughter, the Hon. Nicholas & Mrs. Hopkinson, Mr. & Mrs. Ian Bailey, his mother Mrs. W. Asbury Bailey and his sisters Mrs. Duthy and Mrs. Barnard Hankey, Mr. Julian Benson,

Mr. Geoffrey Todd, and Mr. Christopher Diggle the best man, who proposed the health of the young couple.

The third wedding was at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, where Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, elder daughter of Sir Gerard & Lady d'Erlanger, made a beautiful bride when she married Mr. Douglas Wilson, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Wilson of Marlow. The church was decorated with white flowers, and his bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin with a high-necked pleated bodice and full skirt falling into a train (designed and made by Worth); her bouffant tulle veil was held in place by a flat satin bow. Miss Mary d'Erlanger, who looked sweet in a long full-skirted yellow organza dress and a coronet of Christmas roses, was her sister's only bridesmaid.

Lady d'Erlanger, good-looking in blue, had made perfect arrangements for the wedding, despite the fact that it was at unusually short notice. The bridegroom had to go to America for some time on business and the young couple decided, only two weeks ahead, to get married before he went.

Reception at home

The reception, at the d'Erlangers' home, was a happy one, and only near friends and relations were present (I have mentioned some of them at the previous weddings). The bridegroom's mother Mrs. W. H. Wilson was present, also the bride's grandmother Mrs. Sammut and her uncle and aunt Mr. & Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger and their daughter Tessa. The Hon. Dominic Elliot was best man and proposed the health of "Douglas and Penny."

Among those I met were the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, Lord & Lady Manton, Mr. & Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Cannon and their daughters Victoria and Julia, Mr. Jack Profumo—the new Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who came to the church, and his lovely wife (she went on to the reception), Miss Clare Cobbold, Miss June Ducas escorted by the Hon. James Ogilvy, and young marrieds Mr. & Mrs. Spencer le Marchant who are shortly moving into a new London home, the Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Yorke, Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, the Hon. Anthony Berry, Mr. Mark Birley and Mrs. Dominic Elwes.



Christopher Payne

REBECCA JANE, 14 months, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. P. Gibbons, Duncan Place, Salisbury



CAROLINE MARY, 15 months, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Warburton, St. Faith's, Cambridge



The groom, Mr. Ivor Paul Coats.
Right: The bride, Miss Gay Pinckney,
with four of her six child
bridesmaids. The wedding was
at St. James's, Spanish Place

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE

To honeymoon in Bermuda

The Hon. Crispin & Mrs. Gascoigne with the best
man, Mr. Christopher Diggle (centre) at the
Hyde Park Hotel reception



Bridesmaid Lady Mary Stopford with Miss
Sarah Blundell and Miss Diana
Child, daughter of Sir John Child



Dr. & Mrs. Charles Pinckney, the bride's
parents, with Lt.-Col. J. S. & Lady
Amy Coats (centre), the parents of the groom



Capt. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt., and Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P., were at the Savoy dinner



Mr. J. F. Perry and Sir Alexander Roger (a vice-president of the Anglo-Portuguese Society)



THE TATLER
& Bystander
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The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Derick Heathcoat-Amory, addressing the guests



Senhor & Senhora José R. Ramos (he is with the Portuguese Embassy)



Lady (Graham) Rowlandson and Sir Seymour Howard, a former Lord Mayor of London

Chancellor speaks

at the Anglo-
Portuguese
Society's dinner



Lord Grantchester (the Liberal peer) and Mrs. Elmer Dangerfield



Lady Grantchester. The dinner marked the 21st anniversary of the Society

Tories dance

at the Grosvenor Ball
of the St. George's
Conservative Association

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Ann-Davina Alderton helped to
sell tickets at one of several
side-shows at the ball



Henderson's steel band played for part of the evening at the Grosvenor House ball



Mr. & Mrs. Tim Dale-Harris. He is at Lloyd's.
President of the ball was Lady Hylton-Foster



Mr. Ian Smith and Miss Judith Cooke at the
Treasure Trail, another of the side-shows



Mrs. Juline Ross was in charge of the revolving horse
competition. 350 guests attended



Mr. Toby Jessel with Miss Jane Tillard, who
works at the Central Office



Miss C. Duncan, Mr. C. Dunphie
and Mrs. T. O'Donovan (front)

Mrs. John Woodhouse with
Colonel D. H. C. Worrall, M.F.H.
of the South Dorset Hunt

A BALL FOR THE

PORTMAN HUNT

held at Blandford Forum, Dorset

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN



Miss H. Forestier-Walker (a joint-Master of the Portman Hunt) with Major Robert Peel, Master of the Tavistock



Colonel & Mrs. D. L. Darling. His brother Major-General Darling is director of military operations in Cyprus



Mrs. Anne Dewey with Mr. John Woodhouse. He is the secretary of the Portman Hunt. The ball was held at Bryanston School



Mrs. William Blanchard and her husband with Mrs. C. F. A. Baxter. They hunt with the South-West Wilts



Mrs. Broke Ray and Major E. F. Beckett (joint-Master of the Portman Hunt)



Mr. & Mrs. A. O. Hone. They sail in Kentish coastal waters



Mrs. M. Gale and Captain P. J. Russell. He is the honorary signals instructor to the Little Ship Club



Right: Mr. G. Watson Parker (organizer of the ball for 25 years) and Admiral C. H. Duerfeldt, the U.S. Navy's deputy C-in-C. Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean. Top, right: Mr. Owen Aisher, the new president of the club



A BALL FOR THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB

held at the Park Lane Hotel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Aubrey Mills with a memento of the Ladies Cup she won last year



Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Proudfoot. He is vice-chairman of the club committee and sails his 18-ft cruiser Opuia

WINTER IN THE OPEN AIR

*Holidaymaking at
Klosters (right)*



Miss Billinda Pharazyn

The meet of the South Berks Hunt (below)



Mr. Peter Warren, Dr. Jane Scott-Brown
(secretary of the Mardens Ski Club) &
Mr. Ian Warren, at the Gotschna Hut



Mr. David Manwaring Robertson & his son
Jamie raced as a team for the Ingram
Family Cup organized by the Mardens Club

The hunt moves off from Mill House,
Swallowfield, nr. Reading

Miss Sally Farmiloe, daughter of the
hunt's honorary secretary



Mrs. Doris Palmer-Tomkinson with her daughter Sarah. Her three sons are all championship class skiers



The Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse (centre) with her daughters, Lavinia (left) and Caroline



Miss Joanna Smithers. She was holidaying at Klosters with her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Rupert Smithers and her brothers & sister

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GEORGE KONIG

Miss Rosemary Collins, who is studying to be a singer



Mr. and Mrs. James Guinness. She was formerly Miss Pauline Mander

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL





Alan Vines



NEWS

PORTRAITS

PERFORMANCE Indian dancer Srimati Indrani is here on her first tour of Western Europe. Her classical dances from many regions of India have been enthusiastically acclaimed in New York, Moscow, Peking and Colombo. She is accompanied by her own orchestra: Murthy, flautist; Deva Prasad, mardal-player; Lokiah, vocalist; and Krishna Pillai, drums



Alan Vines

PROMOTION Mr. Frank Chalton Francis (*left*), keeper of the department of printed books at the British Museum since 1948, is the museum's new director. Here he examines the completion of his final task in the library—a showcase containing settings by Mendelssohn for songs by Robert Burns. The exhibition marks the bicentenary of the poet's birth. Mr. Francis, 57, is married and has two sons and a daughter. He has published several works on bibliography

PATRON Wealthy New Yorker, Mrs. Edna S. Lewis, who founded an art workshop in the Italian coastal village of Positano, is in London to choose a recipient for one of the four scholarships awarded annually by the centre. No English artist has won one so far. Mrs. Lewis's workshop, founded as an international centre for artists, attracted more than 90 summer residents last year. The majority were professional artists, but the number also included doctors, psychoanalysts and top business executives



Alan Vines



Lewis Morley

POSTERITY Professor Henri Jourdon (director of the French Institute), with Mme. Rhodia Dufet-Bourdelle, the sculptor's daughter, and M. Michel Dufet, at "The Unknown Bourdelle" sculpture exhibition which opened recently at the Institute. Emile-Antoine Bourdelle was an associate of Rodin. The bronze head in the foreground is a detail from his Monument du General Alvear in Buenos Aires. M. Dufet is assistant director of the Bourdelle Museum in Paris



There's more to the right accent than

"U"—there's "E" and "O" as well

The sweet sound of success

by SYDNEY CARTER

FOUR YEARS have passed now since Professor Ross planted his linguistic time-bomb in the columns of a Finnish paper. The explosive charge was contained in a single letter: "U". It was wrapped up in a learned article, *Linguistic class-indicators in present-day English*, and buried deep (you would have thought) in a periodical that called itself *Neuphilologische mitteilungen*. But Nancy Mitford spotted it.

Before long the explosion was echoing round the world, bringing chaos among the Middle Classes. Serviettes were torn to shreds, and napkins substituted. Little girls who talked about notepaper got a smack. Professor Ross's daring revelations about the way the Upper Classes spoke became the Bible of the social climber—studied in secret, and with many blushes.

But there is more to the business than mugging up a primer. For one thing, the Upper Classes, with their usual duplicity and arrogance, now began to talk about "notepaper" and "serviettes"—and if there were unspoken inverted commas round these words, how were the underprivileged to know? For another thing, while the "U" accent might be a social advantage in certain circles, it could prove a disaster in others. Consider politics.

The Prime Minister, in his recent appearances on television, has sounded far less feudal than he did at the beginning. I suspect the Cabinet of roughening up their polished English on the sly. The last stronghold of the Oxford accent may well be among the top brass of the Labour Party. Only

Nye Bevan sounds to many as if he might, conceivably, live next door. For that reason, if no other, he may yet be a Prime Minister.

Some of the finer points of Voicemanship have been studied by a Bristol producer of the B.B.C., Kenneth Hudson. In a series of Third Programme talks he discussed the speech factor which he labels "E"—the one which enables you to elevate yourself in life. This varies from job to job. If you're going to be a policeman, he suggested, it won't help you to sound too "U" at the beginning. A pleasantly plebeian burr is advisable to start with. It doesn't put up the backs of your superiors. From the rank of, say, inspector upwards you can sound a bit more la-de-da.

Then there is the "O" factor (Occupational). If you want to become a naval officer you'd better learn to talk like one. The great expert on this is Peter Cavanagh. The way to sound naval, says Peter Cavanagh, is to throw your voice against your lower teeth. This makes you sound gruff and capable. Peter Cavanagh has another useful tip: "If you want to sound like an admiral, make a face like an admiral. When I had to impersonate Malcolm Muggeridge, I made a long upper lip like Malcolm Muggeridge, and at once I began to sound like Malcolm Muggeridge."

Commercial television has opened a vast new field for Voicemanship. Which is the best kind of voice to sell a sausage? Advertising men in plushy offices argue over this for hours; and with reason. I'd do anything for that lovely, disembodied girl who woos

me every night to drink Bournvita. But who is that hideously brisk American who tries to jolly me into drinking—well, I won't say what? But I'll never buy it, as long as he is selling it.

I foresee a rosy future for the voice adviser in commercial television. Already, the experts are being treated with respect. In a fascinating programme put out by ATV (*I hear, I see*) two phoneticians and a speech psychologist have been displaying their ability each Monday night for some weeks past. By listening to a voice coming from behind a screen, they have built up a picture of the speaker—age, occupation, origins and even what he looks like. It is astonishing how often they were right. Parsons do not stand a chance against them; they are spotted right away. They were off target, though, with Dr. Winifred de Koch. They thought she was a matron or canteen supervisor from the Midlands. Actually, she is from South Africa: a nasty pitfall for the phonetician.

Shortly after this series began, one of the panel was rung up by an advertising man. "We are projecting a new kind of liquid soap," he said. "We need a voice for the TV commercial with the minimum class connotation. What do you suggest?" After a bit of thought, the expert said that a middle-class housewife from Edinburgh should do the trick. So some lucky housewife is in the money now; and all because she wasn't over-"U". The "U" voice may still have the social *cachet*, but it is the non-"U" that gets the cash.

BRIGGS by Graham



*Napoleon looks out
at Les Invalides*



*Balloon-seller and
customer beside
the Arc de Triomphe*



*Tranquillity for
two on the Seine's
lower bank,
near Notre Dame*



PARIS: *NEW SLANTS*

from the camera of Francis Hoff . . .



The Palais Bourbon seen from the right bank



. . . and a monthly
report from *Priscilla*

THE economy that Parisians are obliged to practice at home in order to comply with Minister Pinay's demands is nobody's business but their own. "Pleasure as usual" is the slogan for visitors. The façade stands firm and the bright lights are as bright as ever. Old Parisians, however, are sad at the passing of certain of their haunts. One of the most recent landmarks to go is *La Rotonde* in the Montparnasse quarter. It was there that Trotsky and Lenin used to play interminable games of chess and enjoy equally interminable discussions on "Art" with Picasso, Modigliani, Soutine, Kisling and Pascin. There, too, Michel Georges-Michel, the art critic, invented the term *Les Montparnos*. The term still exists, though old-timers aver that the race has died out. Art no longer takes a capital "A"; it has become a

continued overleaf



Left: *A treeful of pigeons near the Etoile.* Bottom, left: *The Foire de la Feraille held annually near the former site of the Bastille*

A game of boules near Les Invalides



Priscilla continued

commercialized affair in which the two great assets are luck and far-seeing dealers willing to take risks. Talent alone is not enough.

Luck as well as talent has certainly served our youthful Bernard Buffet, who has his magnificently furnished château near Aix, his Rolls-Royce, and—since Christmas—his attractive new wife, the existentialist singer Annabel (née Mlle. Schwob de Lure). Picasso, too, has acquired a château, at Vauvenargues, but he remains faithful to the Bohemian discomforts of his youth. He sleeps on a folding bed, has no use for cosy armchairs and uses an upturned crate for a dressing-table.

Holiday-makers passing through Paris on their way to or from winter sports may be glad to know that the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition at the Musée Jacquemart-André (158 boulevard Haussmann) will be open till the middle of March. It is a pity they probably will miss the annual *Salon du Nu* at the Bernheim Jeune Gallery. This famous exhibition of studies in the nude closes 7 February. At the time of writing it has

NEW SLANTS

continued

*War memorial and
visitors outside the
Musée d'Art Moderne*



*Portrait artist in the
Place du Tertre*



*Weapons of two
centuries—cannons and
a tank at Les Invalides*



already beaten its own record of attendance, though, as a facetious visitor was heard to remark, "The sight of such quantities of too, too solid flesh inclines one towards vegetarianism!"

Other news for visitors concerns restaurants. New ones come and old ones go—they have a way of turning into garages, cinemas or government offices. Appearances can be deceptive, and in a tiny street just off 47 boulevard de Clichy is a small publet with a rather cut-throat-looking approach called the *Saint-Pierre*. The new owner and chef is a Burgundian, Jean Myard, who knows his job whether it be for the boiling of an egg or the compounding of a *lièvre à la royale*. He has travelled extensively and his stay at Saigon has taught him to have a judicious attitude towards various spiced dishes. His *hors d'oeuvres* are luscious (if one is not afraid of a *soupçon* of garlic); but nevertheless dyspeptics should go canny!

Here is a little story about another restaurant—which must be nameless. A somewhat gossipy visitor liked to show off his

French, and summoned the chef to his table in order to congratulate him. This took some time and calls for that old bromide: "Time is money." On the visitor's bill appeared the item: "Conversation with chef, 30 francs per minute."

It must be the tacit determination to put up a good front despite austerity that urges us to don our best bib and tucker on every occasion just now. At the first night of Louis Ducreux's comedy *La Folie* at the *Théâtre de la Madeleine* there was a gala show of bare backs and black ties. Benoit Léon-Deutch, who also owns racehorses, had invited many members of the racing world to this première. Guy de Rothschild, Alec Weissweiler, François de Brignac, Raoul Meyer all belong to the brotherhood on which M. Pinay's demands fall most heavily. Also

present were Noël Coward, Ambassador André Dubois, M. Baumgartner (the governor of the Bank of France) and Mme. Paul Derval.

A familiar and well-liked figure was absent from this gathering. André de Fouquières died a few weeks ago. He was 81. To strangers he was fondly pointed out as being the last member of the *coterie* known as the "Parisians of Paris" and for half a century he was considered *arbitrer elegantiarum* in the social world. Until his last illness, he remained astonishingly young in appearance and he was a brilliant conversationalist. His advice to young men who envied him his easy deportment in the great *salons* of his day was "Make your entrance, bow, smile . . . and leave."



Viscount Chelmsford is a member of the Cruft's Show committee and a trustee of the Kennel Club

Mr. A. W. Collins, 30 years a breeder, has more than 60 cocker spaniels at his Colinwood Kennels. His best dog, £3,000 (approx.) Champion Colinwood Silver Lariat, has more top wins than any other champion cocker

Mrs. Enid Thomas keeps her standard poodle, Champion Tzigane Luri, as a pet in her London flat, but in spite of this it has already won eight challenge certificates



Mrs. J. G. Medhurst (above) is a well-known breeder of golden retrievers, but this year she will be a judge. Her husband used to breed Labradors in India

Mr. Ivan Strawson (left) will be the Assistant Chief Steward at Cruft's this year where his wife Betty, seen with him, will be showing some of their 100 miniature and toy poodles



The Earl of Northesk and Col. Richard H. Glyn, M.P. (*nearest*), will be judging the Best in Show. Lord Northesk is chairman of Cruft's Show committee and Col. Glyn is vice-chairman

Tom Hustler (at Dorothy Wilding Studios) photographs some of the personalities who will be taking part in the world-renowned dog show which opens this week at Olympia, London

Characters at Cruft's



Mr. E. G. Russell-Roberts and his wife breed papillons at their Picaroon Kennels at Hartley, Kent. They have just completed a history of the breed, tracing "butterfly" dogs back to the 14th century



Mrs. S. Somerfield, of Knockholt, Kent, was given boxer Maze-laines Hit Parade (she calls him Hoagy) by Mr. John Phelps Wagner, of Chicago



Characters at Cruft's *continued*



Miss Penny Strawson, daughter of the Assistant Chief Steward at Cruft's, with her nine-month-old pet black poodle Annette. She has already exhibited it with success, but she will not be taking it with her to Cruft's



Mrs. Sheila Devitt will show Afghan hound Champion Yusef of Carloway, one of the finest examples of this breed in the country

Mrs. E. Street, of Eltham, with her two griffons, Champion Skibbereen-Buka Brigand and Champion Skibbereen Full Cry. She has won 98 challenge certificates and gained successes all over the world





Mr. W. Siggers, a breeder and judge for nearly 40 years, describes Great Danes as the gentlest and kindest of all dogs. Etfa of Ouborough (*above*) and her 6-week-old puppies (*left*) are plainly no exception



ART



THE ARTIST

Preview of tomorrow's show at the Leicester Galleries of the paintings of Elinor Bellingham-Smith

by DAVID WOLFERS

THERE IS surely no better living woman painter of English landscape than Elinor Bellingham-Smith. Among men she has few rivals—perhaps none in the painting of winter scenes. The show which opens at the Leicester Galleries tomorrow is her fourth. Her reputation has mounted steadily since she first started holding “one-man” exhibitions after the war, and now her work is represented in the Tate, Aberdeen and Wolverhampton art galleries. But ever since she was a student at the Slade School—in the company of her husband (Rodrigo Moynihan), Sir William Coldstream (the present head of the Slade) and Robin Darwin (the principal of the Royal College of Art)—her distinctive talent has been recognized by her artist friends and by a few discerning collectors. One only has to see examples of the drawings she did as a student to appreciate how sure and natural a talent she possesses.

STOKES JOKES



Miss Bellingham-Smith spent much of her childhood in East Anglia—her father collected English watercolours—and its landscape has always appealed to her. She now lives in Suffolk and most of the paintings for this exhibition are of the country around Boxford. This bare country of Essex and Suffolk blends well with a sense of poetic melancholy, which finds its finest expression in her winter landscapes.

Her last three exhibitions have included several large canvases peopled with boys and girls drawn from her imagination. The girls have sad, beautiful, pale faces and they fit harmoniously into the wild landscape in the background. I, for one, am sorry to find these Proustian figures absent from her current show. One of the paintings of this kind is reproduced (*opposite*): *The Island*. This was painted for the “Sixty Paintings of 1951” exhibition for the Festival of Britain, and was bought by the Arts Council. In *The Island* she creates a pattern from a wilderness of weeds. It is carefully painted; yet the whole has an atmosphere of poetic transience.

In her present landscapes she finds a particular attraction in the pinks and reds cast over the countryside by the setting sun. So often in nature these colours are almost strident and unreal; but she catches them without jarring our sensibilities so that on a cold day, for instance, the sharpness of the light adds to the wintry quality of the picture.

Though her paintings are easy to like, the collectors of her pictures tend to be connected with the arts in some way—for example, Sir Carol Reed, the film director, and Elizabeth Taylor, the novelist.

There are those who maintain that women never make great painters; but Gwen John (in England) and Berthe Morisot (in France) if not great are near-great, and Elinor Bellingham-Smith is in this tradition. Her paintings are feminine and poetic; this is part of their charm. She makes no attempt to imitate any of the great masters though she particularly admires Courbet, Monet and Turner.

At a time when so many painters are obsessed with the grotesque and the terrifying aspects of our age, she continues to find beauty in English landscape, even if this beauty seems at times to move her almost to tears.



GATHERING WOOD,
SUFFOLK



THE ISLAND



PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

The Riviera in February

by DOONE BEAL



Fayer

SUN-PEDDLING travel literature all but persuades one that the Mediterranean doesn't have a winter: but, in fact, snow is not unknown in Haifa, and a February walk along Nice's Promenade des Anglais could put one briskly in perspective. All the same, seekers of an early spring both economically and physically this side of the Bahamas and Madeira, might do a lot worse than take the two and a half hour flight to a prospect of sunshine.

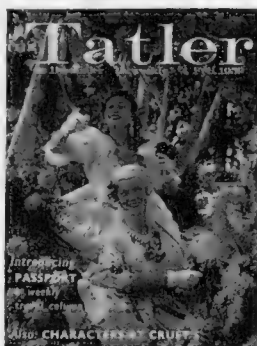
The famous Battles of Flowers in Nice, which take place on February 5, 12 and March 13, could find you in snowboots or shirtsleeves, depending upon the sheer caprice of the weather. Should the worst happen, the resort-conscious French, whose realistic approach to life is sharpened to rapier point by any such inclemency beyond their control, would give you the name of the nearest good restaurant.

But in fact, meteorological form is on their side. In weather conditions peculiar to this part of the Riviera, it has often happened that a brilliant February and March have forerun a sulky April, the true summer weather not picking up until mid-May. Certainly, in February the almond blossom, the mimosa, the jasmine and the early bougainvillea are in bloom; and if the sun does shine out of a clear blue heaven and the wind is in the right quarter, there can be no better place from which to welcome the first spring day than a sheltered café table, facing the sea.

Few examples of basically bad architecture could be so flattered by sunshine and setting, so endearing in nostalgia, as the peeling pink and yellow stucco buildings which line

the promenade. In season or out of it, Nice has always been a favourite of mine, mainly I think because its tourist façade is merely the icing on the cake and the town maintains a flourishing life of its own which goes on with or without us.

The back-street cafés and restaurants repay the adventurous with excellent food, often several cuts below the smart price level.



The battle of flowers—by Felix Man

Bistro reputations can, of course, change hands in a season, but half the fun is menu-shopping on your own. If you are bent on pure gastronomy, regardless of price, it is worth remembering that Nice has no fewer than ten restaurants starred for food in the Guide Michelin. This is a high proportion and represents an impressive list in an area of France which, according to their exceptionally high standards, is more famous for sun and fun than food.

Round the corner from the town, in the old port, is a row of excellent dockside cafés (complete with jukebox). One of them

serves, from a vast smoking griddle, some of the best pancakes I have ever eaten: they provide an unlikely but unbeatable accompaniment to your aperitif.

Minkier, palmier, and altogether more cosseted from the realities are Cannes and Monte Carlo. Whatever the weather in either, Casino and Grand Hotel-living are excellent, if expensive palliatives. (Not that they lack in good back-street restaurants either: *César*, at 8 ave. St. Michel in Monte Carlo, and the *Bidou*, at 3 rue St. Honoré in Cannes are both emphatically local and comparatively cheap.

In February, the Monte Carlo opera season is in full swing; and the two Grand Galas of the season are on the 6 and 27. One of the prettiest of the flower battles is in Villefranche, the carnations being pelted back and forth between the decorated boats in the harbour and the spectators on the quayside. There is a Mimosa Festival in Cannes, a Festival of Lemons (quite a sight) in Menton, and in Nice festivities of all kinds from the 6 to the 20 February, culminating in a magnificent firework display. Throughout the winter season, the whole area draws an international crowd and there is no lack of gala occasions for which to dress up in the evening.

Nothing, including flower festivals, would ever deter the dedicated golfer, but even the less than dedicated would enjoy the course at Mont Agel, high up beyond the Grand Corniche and about half an hour's drive from Monte Carlo. I must warn you that your eye is likely to be distracted from the ball by the all-but-airborne view of Monaco and Cap Martin spread out in relief below you. If you unashamedly want to loaf and look, drive up to the Grand Corniche where there are magnificent vistas at every other bend of the road. Punctuate your trip in La Turbie, and lunch at the *France Hotel* where the specialités include raviolis, rognons Provençale and Coq au Chambertin.

Frankly, if you want an excuse for going to the South of France, its sheer civilization is as good a one as any. The early spring sunshine is thrown in as an extra boost—as if you needed one.

Fares: Air France and B.E.A., both from £29 14s. return. Overland: London via Dover/Calais to Nice, from £17 9s. second class return, £26 3s. first class return and Blue Train—sleepers are extra on the Blue Train.

Off-season on the Promenade des Anglais, Nice



J. Allen Cash

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records



Gwen Watford,
the blind girl who
meets a murderer,
and Raymond
Huntley as a
sympathetic
detective

Blindness lends too easy a pathos

THEATRE
by Anthony
Coolman

"POOR BOY, put him on a chair so that the jury can see him." The county court plaintiff had been blinded; and the judge's kindly but perhaps improper suggestion provoked that sustained and merciless interchange of discourtesies between him and the witty F. E. Smith which barristers still recall with professional relish. In *The Woman On The Stair* at the Westminster Theatre, Mr. James Parish repeats the judge's mistake. He allows sympathy with the blind to outrun his discretion as a dramatist so far that we are tempted to exclaim, "Perhaps your honour would like to have the woman passed round the audience."

It is sad that any sensitive young woman should find herself caught up through no fault of her own in a sordid case of murder and have to face the ordeal of police examination and be pestered by press photographers. It is even sadder, of course, if the woman is blind, but it is not, as Mr. Parish assumes, all that much sadder.

His heroine is going up the stone stairs of the tenement to make tea for an arthritic friend, and she is passed on the way by the man who has just battered the old lady to death. She hears someone coming and she calls out. There is no answer, but she actually touches the murderer's coat as he presses himself against the wall to let her pass. There is an obvious pathos in the helplessness of the sightless in such a situation; but Mr. Parish is perversely fated to do almost everything in his power to destroy our natural sympathy with the woman.

Jane Pringle is apparently a flawless human being. She has had the worst of luck. She was blinded by a bomb, and the same bomb killed her fiancé. She is also poor. But adversity has not embittered her. She is good and kind and indispensable to her neighbours, and she spends her evenings teaching Braille to a blind boy.

She never fails to feel and to say the right thing,

and, rightly, she is more deeply shocked by the incredible inhumanity of the murderer than by the strain of her own entanglement in the beastly business. It is not a character we should ever begin to believe in if Jane were not blind, and after a while we become a little insensitive to her disability.

The detective superintendent in charge of the case sets an example which we might doubtless be glad to follow. He is plainly much moved by Jane's goodness, and though she is the only person besides the murderer who knew that the murdered lady was in possession of a valuable brooch it never seriously occurs to him to suspect her. His unwillingness to do so gradually makes us despair of the play. Mr. Parish's picture of the moral perfection that seems to go with blindness is not so exciting that we can make do without a false scent or a false suspect. For we have seen the murderer at work—a cheerful blond brute—and we know where he is hiding.

Presumably it can only be a matter of time before the police find him. Jane has re-enacted, with the detective, the scene of the encounter on the stairs, and using the special sensibilities of the blind she has shown him where exactly on the wall the man's fingerprints are likely to be. They are there; but they turn out to have no importance. The murderer is caught simply because he is a remarkably stupid man.

He did not find the brooch after he had murdered the old lady, but reading in the newspapers that it has been bequeathed to the blind woman he disguises himself as a gentleman of the press and, like a fool, risks doing a second murder in the hope of snatching the booty. We should look to the peculiar sensibilities of the blind to frustrate his lunatic purpose, whereas in fact it is a succession of coincidences that undoes him.

Mr. Parish, in short, has been bedazzled by the easy pathos of blindness into telling a story entirely lacking in surprise, and it would fare ill with his play were it not that it is admirably acted. Miss Gwen Watford does all that is humanly possible to save the blind woman from mawkishness, Mr. Raymond Huntley as the detective backs her with suave and sympathetic accomplishment, Mr. Tony Wright is good as the cheerfully moronic murderer and Miss Diane Clare is convincingly enough his pretty young good-time girl.

Mr. Skikne arrives at the top

THE LATE SIR KENNETH BARNES was telling me once about some of his unsatisfactory pupils at R.A.D.A.: "... an over-confident fellow, Skikne," he said. "He thought he knew it all and left after two terms to take a job. I thought 'I shall never hear of him again'—and I never did under that name. He calls himself Laurence Harvey now, and does appear to be getting somewhere in films." Too bad that Sir Kenneth did not live to see Mr. Harvey in *Room At The Top*: always generous in his recognition of achievement, he would certainly have agreed that Mr. Harvey has now definitely arrived.

As Joe Lampton in this fine screen version of Mr. John Braine's best-seller, crew-cut Mr. Harvey brings a sort of caddish charm to his study of an ambitious, class-conscious, chip-on-the-shoulder young man—which is just what is needed to make the character believable. A municipal clerk in the grey, steep north country town of Warnley, he lifts up his eyes unto the hills—to "t' Top," that district above the town where the rich industrialists have their castle-homes. Not for Joe a steady

CINEMA
by Elspeth
Grant

THE PLAY:

The Woman on the Stair

Gwen Watford
Raymond Huntley
Tony Wright



Simone Signoret plays Alice Aisgill in *Room at the Top*. Other films include *The Fiends* and *Golden Marie*

pittance, a nice working girl and shared two-by-four lodgings: he intends to marry into "t' brass."

Through the local amateur dramatic society, Joe ingratiates himself with Susan Brown (Miss Heather Sears), daughter of the most influential man in the place, a millionaire—splendidly played by Mr. Donald Wolfitt. Her parents, realizing that she is attracted to the quite unsuitable Joe, pack her off to France for a long holiday.

To pass the time until silly little Susan's panting return, he embarks on an affair with Alice Aisgill (Mlle. Simone Signoret, magnetic with sex), the neglected wife of a beastly business man. She is mature, experienced—and the affair is a passionate one. Alice is led (and I was led, too) to believe that Joe is deeply in love with her. All the same, he continues his pursuit of Susan—whom he seduces as a necessary move in his original game.

When the girl's father discovers she is pregnant and orders Joe to marry her or be utterly crushed, Joe does not hesitate to tell Alice all is over between them. She kills herself in a car crash. Joe is spectacularly shattered by the news. He goes to his wedding with the air of one sighing "Allah sends almonds to the toothless" (or "What use is all this to me now?")—but he goes. One can't help feeling that once he has his hands on his father-in-law's brass, he'll be able to forget all about Alice. Miss Hermione Baddeley, as the dead woman's closest friend, watching the ceremony from the church door, makes the final comment on Joe's character. It is unspoken—and unprintable. Valid, too, if you do not see in the glimpse of his slum background and the sneers and snubs he has to take from Susan's odious boy-friend (Mr. John Westbrook) some excuse for his needing to get his own back on the plutocracy. If you want to spend a happy couple of hours in the company of nice people, this is not quite your picture. But if you care to look at life as it is and appreciate first-class writing, acting and direction—off you go.

In *The Geisha Boy*, Mr. Jerry Lewis plays an ineffectual conjuror gallantly striving to entertain U.S. troops in Japan and Korea and inadvertently winning the devotion of a rather embarrassingly adhesive little Japanese boy (Master Robert Hirano). He is partnered by a white rabbit named Harry and Miss Marie McDonald and Mr. Sessue Hayakawa ably represent pulsating West and poker-faced East. Mr. Lewis, here and there touches real pathos.

The Most Wonderful Moment is an earnest Italian film about a young doctor (Signor Marcello Mastroianni) who is convinced that childbirth can be a painless affair and tries to persuade a number of obese Roman matrons to do the exercises that will make it so. They are suspicious and incredulous, which is sad—because unless he can prove his method a success he will never be able to afford to marry the nurse who is about to bear his child. A film mainly of interest to expectant mothers.

Stronger Than The Night, a film from East Germany, tells with great solemnity how the German Communists, though persecuted under Hitler's régime, survived as a party—won the war, saved Germany for the Germans and are now living happily ever after under the beaming, Big Brotherly smile of the Soviet Union. They have apparently been uncommonly lucky. How different was the fate of the Hungarian Communists who (according to that powerful and well-documented play *Shadow Of Heroes*) tried to save Hungary for the Hungarians and were forcibly given to understand by their Russian bosses that patriotism and communism do not mix. In its deliberate blindness and its slavish adherence to all the old shibboleths, the film is so childish that it can have no propaganda value here.

THE FILMS:

Room at the top
Laurence Harvey
Simone Signoret
dr. Jack Clayton
("X" certificate)

The Geisha Boy
Jerry Lewis
Marie McDonald
dr. Frank Tashlin

The most wonderful moment
Giovanna Ralli
Marcello Mastroianni
dr. Luciano Emmer
("X" certificate)

Stronger than the night
Helga Goring
Wilhelm Koch-Hooge
dr. Salton Dudow

The Guards—with the lid off

THIS HAS BEEN MY WEEK for fiction, some of it good, most of it diverting, though deeply, modishly disenchanted, and all of it nice consolation for those cold black February days which do not encourage participation in what is laughingly called real life outside the dripping window.

First, *The Breaking Of Bumbo* by Andrew Sinclair, who was, rather astonishingly, only 22 when he wrote it. This is a novel with a contemporary tone of voice, in that it is centred round an anti-hero and lovingly, sourly, and with cackles of painful laughter, pulls strips of skin off the crumbling face of such grand old English customs as the Brigade of Guards, fighting to preserve the peace, the London Season, and what the gossip columns reverently still refer to as All Mayfair. The anti-hero is Bumbo Bailey, a clever rueful child with principles and ideals, who joins the Brigade as a National Serviceman because he doesn't reckon the Guards will fight in peacetime and hasn't the nerve conscientiously to object. For this sin of moral cowardice he is most dreadfully punished, having first tried to make amends by inciting mutiny at the time of Suez, narrowly avoiding a court martial, and finally conforming glumly to the approved pattern required, "all that lark for nothing."

This is a gruesomely funny book, full of fury and disgust, and meaty with inside information about a young officer's life in the Army top drawer, with its outlandish tribal slang, its nicknames, its fearful quantity of alcohol consumed in desperate circumstances, its code of rigid beliefs, and its lugubrious one-topic jokes. Some of the funniest and saddest passages concern the Season, where Bumbo "strolled among the ragbags of puppy-fat and easy meat, that answered to the name of débutantes." Bumbo is an all-or-nothing solitary fighter, and inevitably everything goes sour on him—girls, hopes, ideals and all.

I think this is a remarkable book, in spite of some infuriating stylistic mannerisms (*why* is half the dialogue without inverted commas and indented in the manner of free verse?) and in spite of the fact that it is so furiously, frantically one-sided. In the current manner, the comedy is part farce, part blackhearted. So it is the work of a writer who is evidently young—but then so is its situation. It is extremely clever and at times the slightest bit show-off, but it has also a violent vitality that is infectious.

After Mr. Sinclair's blasphemous yell of pain, a small, sad, sharp and funny (ironical-funny this time, no room for the crudities of farce) whisper: Miss Kathleen Farrell's neat and gently bitter-tasting novel *The Common Touch*, all of which I admired except the title which seems to me so quiet, so carefully unobtrusive—though undeniably clever in the context of the book—that it fades almost instantly from the memory. The novel, as delicate and accurate as a perfect small piece of embroidery, is about the slow death of feeling, and two quiet betrayals among a tiny ordered group of people—like watching a microscopic explosion occur soundlessly inside the world of a snow-storm paperweight.

The I-narrator (whose dialogue is all in reported speech, a soft-footed trick that creeps up on one unawares) is a woman in the dangerous 30s, not quite happy, not quite unhappy, observing everything with the eye of a tender basilisk, not quite

BOOKS

by Siriol

Hugh-Jones

THE BOOKS:

The breaking of Bumbo
by Andrew Sinclair
(Faber, 15s.)

The common touch
by Kathleen Farrell
(Macmillan, 15s.)

No love for Johnnie
by Wilfred Fienburgh
(Hutchinson, 15s.)

Rape of the fair country
by Alexander Cordell
(Gollancz, 16s.)

The three graces
by Serge Lifar
(Cassell, 21s.)

cautious, not quite reckless, like someone floating in a temporary painless vacuum. She is acting as companion on a Swiss holiday to two pernicketty, difficult, iron-bound old people, a brother and sister wholly and horridly dependent on each other, whom she has known all her life. Miss Farrell's world may not be of epic or heroic proportions, but her surgeon's work on the private heart and its deceptions is done with a dear little cleaver as pretty as a fruit-knife and sharp as a new razor-blade.

The late Wilfred Fienburgh's novel, **No Love For Johnnie** has another anti-hero. The Johnnie without love is a venal, ambitious, weak boy from a stern and poor Yorkshire background, pacifist and tectotal, who finally attains a bleak moment of happiness as Assistant Postmaster General after ideals, marriage, career and love affair with an L.S.E. student turned model (never a novel without its model-girl these days) have all died a nasty death. I wish I could have liked this book more, but the climate is so grey and drab, the failures and corruptions so petty and dismal, and Johnny so damp and maudlin a central figure that discontent sets in early.

Briefly: in spite of the concerted Welsh shout of praise given away with **Rape Of The Fair Country**, by Alexander Cordell, and in spite of the fact that it is good story-telling and full of drama, I found it somehow a touch souped-up, too much the wild, passionate, prose-poetry Wales of pop fiction. The climate of the iron furnaces and the grinding poverty of the 1830s in Wales reads true enough, and it seems mean to be sour-faced about all that picturesque Welsh-English dialogue with a few basic phrases in real live Welsh to add colour, and lots of passion in great big beds. Ah, those mad, crazy, proud Welsh, what a boon they've been to novelists. . . . **The Three Graces** by Serge Lifar, is a weird book, for the most part about three Russian ballerinas, but also about the author's opinions, views, and conclusions in the various battles and struggles and disagreements that appear to have dogged his footsteps.

In these pages you may read how Lifar told Pavlova she should be an educator and a prophet and majestically turned down her offer of a job as her partner; and you will also find a rather splendid and bland paragraph that reads simply: "But, today, one should accept any comment by Stravinsky (Lifar has quoted him on Nijinsky's lack of musical knowledge) with considerable reserve, for I have reason not altogether to believe in his sincerity, especially after his passionate outburst about my own musical sense in 1954 when I was creating his *Firebird* at the Paris Opera. . . ."



Brian Connell,
I.T.N. Foreign
Affairs commentator,
whose book *The
Plains of Abraham*,
21s., is published by
Hodder & Stoughton
tomorrow

Poll-winner Basie returns to Britain

WILLIAM "COUNT" BASIE has won first place in the 1958 popularity polls run by the top American and British jazz magazines. It seems appropriate that he should be paying his third visit to Britain within weeks of these successes being announced. This 52-year-old band leader was born in Red Bank, New Jersey, but apart from spasmodic work in New York he made no real impact on the jazz scene until he moved to Kansas City and started regular work in the rising generation of big bands in 1926.

As a pianist he moulded his style on Fats Waller, and also came under the guidance of that doyen of Harlem pianists, Willie "The Lion" Smith. Later Count Basie adopted his own "single note" style, consisting of short passages or interjections in the framework of the big band arrangements. Since 1937 he has exerted enormous influence over big band styles, vying with Ellington for the position of top band in America.

When Basie turns on his powerhouse—for that is how I regard his present band—no one can fail to capture the true essence of swing in their playing. Although the soloists play an important part, the band is built to swing collectively. A French critic has described Basie's rhythm section of 1957 as being among the finest in the history of jazz. Guitarist Freddie Green has been with the band since 1937. He is one of the few jazzmen who have not changed to an electric guitar today. Add to these ingredients the soloists, trumpeters Joe Newman and Thad Jones, Henry Coker (trombone), Billy Mitchell and Frank Foster (tenors), Frank Wess (flute and alto), throw in the showy drumming of Sonny Payne, and the mixture is bound to come out rich and well blended.

His latest record, **Basie Plays Hefli**, features the work of Neal Hefli, composer/arranger who first climbed to fame in the Woody Herman band. Hefli has been writing for Basie for a few years now, and it would seem that they have found a natural affinity for one another's work. This latest album is not at first hearing so impressive as their earlier collaboration on **The Atomic Mr. Basie**. For one thing, Hefli has concentrated on more slow pieces, showcases for the reed section, and specialized developments of the Basie sound. The music is exciting, but not as compelling in its urgency as that previous classic.

An excellent and important contribution to the Basie saga is contained on a recent Esquire LP dedicated to Basie. This features his famous rhythm section, plus Shad Collins (a trumpeter who worked with Basie 20 years ago) and Paul Quinichette. This six-piece group shouts with all the vigour of the big band, playing truly representative mainstream jazz.

Another recent Columbia album spotlights Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Joe Newman, with Basie supplying piano and organ backing.

Basie's band has a reputation for playing the blues built around the fact that Jimmy Rushing sang with him for 15 years. Today he has Joe Williams, a more sophisticated but nevertheless interesting singer. I welcome them back to Britain, knowing that they will dispense nothing but the highest quality in jazz. Any of my readers who feel that my descriptive powers in print have failed to convey what I mean by "swinging" music could do worse than spend two hours listening to Count Basie during his forthcoming tour.

RECORDS

by Gerald
Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

Count Basie
Basie Plays Hefli
12 in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
Columbia 33SX1135

Collins/Quinichette
For Basie
12 in. L.P. £1 19s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-067

Eddie Davis Trio
Count Basie Presents
12 in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
Columbia 33SX1117

André Persiani
*Persiani Meets the
Vice-pres.*
E.P. 11s. 1½d.
Columbia Seg7845

Modern Jazz Quartet
One Never Knows
12 in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.
London LTZ-K15140

Kai Winding—
Dizzy Gillespie
Two By Two
E.P. 11s. 1½d.
MGM-EP681



CASUAL COAT by Mono in grey and white herringbone tweed, wide-collared and with enormous patch pockets, is worn with a chartreuse mohair jumper from Hupperts, Regent Street, price: 7 gns. The coat is at Selfridges, Oxford Street; McDonalds, Glasgow; and Fenwicks, Newcastle, price: about 11½ gns.



THREE-PIECE by John Cavanagh at Berg of Mayfair.

Right: A three-quarter coat boldly checked in beige and mustard tweed with a generous collar and raglan sleeves. *Above:* A suit in a finer and toning tweed with a straight jacket cut away in front and a straight skirt. Price: about 78 gns. from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street; Renée Meneely, Belfast; Dalys, Glasgow

What to wear for the

Colour, cut and warmth
are the three top
winners in the field

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



THREE-QUARTER coat is part of another three-piece, this time by Matita. It is broadly checked in primrose and white with the wide collar in a toning primrose flecked with white to match the flaps of the patch pockets. The heavy-knit jumper is hand-knitted in mustard and brown. Price: complete, 43 gns. from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The outdoor styles on these and succeeding pages were photographed during trials at the White City by permission of the Greyhound Racing Association

season outdoors





THE WINNERS IN THE FIELD *continued*

Dazzling tangerine for the soft suède jacket, contrasts with the soft brindle markings of Fearless Mac, an expected entrant in this year's Greyhound Derby. Tapered jersey slacks in beige and white check are by Hanro at Swyzerli and the high-necked jumper in coffee is at Simpson's, Piccadilly. Jacket (not available until after mid-February) and slacks are from Harrods, prices: 22½ gns. and 10½ gns. respectively. The jumper costs £6 16s. 6d.



Left: Leaf-embossed suède with a white sheepskin lining makes a jacket by Jaeger which has a tabbed effect on the buttonhole and is also obtainable in tan and melon-broom. It is worn with a flared skirt in brown, flecked tweed (other colours, too). Both from Jaeger, Regent Street and most of their branches. Prices: 29½ gns. and 5 gns. respectively. The green paisley silk scarf is from a selection at Simpson's. The greyhound is Rocky's Band.



Buff-coloured suède makes a warm three-quarter length jacket for watching the dog trials. It is lined throughout with white wool which also trims the collar. Worn with it are Daks new knitted "Sleekers" in which a close fit is ensured by elastic under the instep, there is also an extra large turn-up. The polo-necked jumper is in a coffee heavy-knit. All from Simpson's. The jacket costs £26 10s. "Sleekers" and jumper both cost £6 16s. 6d.

THE WINNERS IN THE FIELD *continued*

Warm for the outdoor girl, a coat by Bickler classically styled in natural coloured tweed with a dropped shoulder line. Obtainable (also in white) from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street; Arnott's, Belfast, and Falconer's, Aberdeen, price: about 11½ gns. Hermes scarf, price £6 16s. 6d. from Wetherall



Left: A lemon-coloured wool coat from Wetherall in which the emphasis is on the flap pockets. It is lined throughout with pale beige llama lamb. Silk scarf is by Hermes. Both from Wetherall, Regent Street and most branches, prices £46 14s. 6d. and £6 16s. 6d. respectively



Cuddly sheared nylon furleen jacket and coat by Astraka. The caramel-coloured jacket (*left*) is three-quarter length and double-breasted and comes in several other colours and in Persian lamb. Worn here with Morland's green suède booties. The clutch coat is also in caramel and has a wide shawl collar. In other colours, too, it costs about 23½ gns. Jacket (about 19 gns.) and coat are both obtainable through Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester, and Henderson's, Liverpool

Right: Another jacket in the popular three-quarter length, this time in beige llama lamb with raglan sleeves. The straight skirt worn with it is in fawn and mustard plaid wool. From Wetherall, Regent Street and most branches, prices: the jacket, £31 10s., and the skirt: £7 17s. 6d.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER

IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

With Spring in mind

Perhaps it's early to talk of Spring but there's always sense in planning for sunshine. Deréta help with this coral pink suit and the white coat (*far right*) photographed against a background of warm colour in Constance Spry's flower shop in South Audley Street. The worsted suit has a straight jacket, rounded up in front to be tied with a cord just above the waist. With the suit goes a matching gilet (*in detail above*) which is dead straight. The bead necklace in a variety of nasturtium colours costs £1 2s. 6d., the gilt ear-rings, 18s. 6d., and the snake bracelet £1 5s. 0d.—all from the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street. The seven-eighths coat is in a woollen hopsack and falls fairly fully. The high-placed self-material band with a flat half-belt at the back provides interesting detail. The jewel-red fluffy angora beret, price 13s. 6d., can be made into any shape and comes in many colours, the bag is in matching red leather, price 6 gns.—both from Galeries Lafayette. The suit, price 15 gns., and the coat, price 11½ gns., are also at Galeries Lafayette; County Clothes, Cheltenham, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh





A pottery butter dish and matching sugar shaker in a vivid new design of vegetables and fish on stark white. The cover of the butter dish rests on black.

From Potters' Market at Harrods, Knightsbridge (the butter dish costs 18s. and the sugar shaker 8s. 11d.)



Wedgwood, celebrating their bi-centenary, are exhibiting new designs for 1959 in their showrooms in Wigmore Street. One of these is the "Big Top" nurseryware set designed by Peter Wall of the Wedgwood Studios in Queen's Ware. Appealingly coloured clowns and circus animals are depicted on a neutral background. The set (a mug, bowl and plate) comes in a specially designed box (about 29s. 6d. complete). Available at the end of March.



Not French porcelain, but English—and therefore less costly. A half set, consisting of a doorknob, rosette, spindle and key-hole cover and a fingerplate—all in a muted mottled green decorated with gold bees and laurel leaves. Also, obtainable (but not shown here) matching cupboard doorknobs and electric-light switch plates. By Richard Quinnell, in many colours. Available soon at leading stores. (The half set about 18s. and the fingerplate about 24s.)

Designed by the Marquess of Queensberry for Crown Staffordshire, a set of two small china trinket-boxes and a pin or ashtray with a gold design in the centre. The colours are maroon or turquoise centred with the gold coin. Available in April packed in presentation boxes. Woollands have the pin or ashtrays now. (10s. 6d.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPE

Crown Staffordshire have produced this year, in Queensberry Ware, a set of five storage jars (three of which are shown here) reminiscent of those once used by chemists' shops. They come in a soft rose-pink and white, or duck-egg blue and white, and could even be used solely as decoration. The complete sets will be available in Woollands and the General Trading Company in April, who already have a small supply of 2 lb. and 12 oz. jars (about 47s. 6d. and 27s. 9d. respectively in both colours)



Talking of china . . . The Fine Bone China Reject Shop have a fabulous selection of beautiful china at stunningly low prices. The china is all export-reject and comes from top china manufacturers. This shop, in the basement of 11 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, is an Aladdin's Cave for knowledgeable bargain hunters. A complete dinner service costs from 30s., and even when it is more expensive, it is still cheap! Coffee sets in pure white—the rage in America—or in any colour can be bought for less than £2; tea sets from 30s. or £2. It is, of course, possible to buy the odd cup and saucer or plate; or even to buy a dinner service or coffee or tea set bit by bit according to your spending powers. The China Reject Shop is open on Saturday mornings and until 6.30 p.m. on weekdays. They are delighted for anyone merely to come to look round. . . .

Experts at restoring and mending china and glass: Chinamend, at 54 Walton Street, S.W.3. They can restore old china, make completely new hands, heads or whatever is required for old figures and refire the china if it is required. Before restoring china or glass, Chinamend insist on giving an estimate, and take from a month to five weeks to complete the commission. For the mending or riveting of normal household china, they charge from about 10s. 6d., taking from ten days to a fortnight to do so, depending on the damage. They will give an estimate on any extensive mending, though. Everything is done by hand.

—Minette Shepard

LANCÔME

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THE FOUR GENERATIONS

Mrs. Hartley with her daughter, Lady Olivier, grand-daughter, Mrs. Robin Farrington and great-grandson, Neville Leigh Farrington

BEAUTY

Great-grandmother's recipe

by JEAN CLELAND

GLAMOROUS grandmothers are becoming so numerous that while we still regard them with admiration and a twinge of envy for their youthful appearance, they no longer astonish us. What once provoked a gasp is now accepted as an outcome of this progressive age in which advances in beauty culture are not the least of its wonders.

One recent and most beautiful grandmother is Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier); yet even she, lovely and young-looking though she is, evokes no surprise. Something more is needed to amaze us. Someone like Vivien Leigh's mother, Gertrude Hartley. For here is a glamorous great-grandmother, still so pretty, attractive and full of charm, that you can hardly believe it.

Born in India, Gertrude Hartley came to school in England, and at the age of 17 returned to India, where she got married. Her husband owned racehorses and was Steward of the Turf Club, and her life was a round of gaiety and parties.

When Vivien was six, her mother brought her over here to school, and from then on travelled backwards and forwards between the two countries. April to the end of October in England to be near Vivien, and

November to April in India, to be with her husband.

"When I was in England," said Gertrude Hartley, "I usually stayed at Brown's Hotel, which, as you know, is close to most of the top beauty salons. Being vain and with plenty of money to spend I frequented them and availed myself of all they had to offer." One of the pointers perhaps to her appearance today.

When her husband retired and she came back to England for good, she decided to put her interest in beauty salons to practical use, and to train in beauty culture.

This was the beginning of Gertrude Hartley's career as a beauty expert and head of one of the finest beauty schools in this country. Determined to train thoroughly, she went to a famous specialist in Paris, where she absorbed what she calls "this man's rich knowledge." At the end of two years, fully trained in all branches of beauty culture, she returned to England and opened her first school in Bond Street.

After rather a hard start this became immensely successful, and remained so right up until the start of the last war. In 1940, Gertrude Hartley took her grandchild

Suzanne, aged six, over to Canada. She intended to leave her with relatives, but at the urgent request of her daughter Vivien she altered her plans and stayed with the child under extremely difficult circumstances.

Gertrude Hartley's school, to which she returned after the war, now flourishes in Dover Street, where she trains and gets excellent jobs for the many young girls who pass through her hands. "They keep *me* young," she said. "So too does my job, which is full of interest and variety. I go every year to the Beauty Congress—held annually in different parts of Europe—and I am for ever on the look out for new things. The progress in beauty culture has been tremendous since I first started, especially in the way of electrical treatments."

When I asked her for a recipe for keeping young, she said "Get as much sleep as you can, it renews you. Learn to relax and as you grow older eat less. Above all keep busy and interested in other people. When you are thinking of them you have less time to think about yourself. For many years I have had to do this and have found it richly rewarding."



MOTORING

Do drivers shout for Nanny too soon?

by GORDON WILKINS

NO MOTORISTS IN THE WORLD are so coddled and cosseted as the British are by their two great automobile clubs, the A.A. and the R.A.C. (and of course, the R.S.A.C. north of the border). The pioneers went forth prepared to carry out major repairs at the roadside in order to get home. But some present-day drivers are quite capable of ringing for a breakdown outfit because they have run out of petrol. Aircraft, cars, motor cycles and scooters, radio, telephones and teleprinters are ready, backed by thousands of staff to get them out of the slightest trouble.

In fact the patrols have now come to be regarded as a public service which can be demanded in any sort of emergency—calling the doctor, rounding up straying cattle or helping with rescue work in floods. Self-heating soup brought by A.A. patrols was put to good use by travellers stuck for long hours in snowdrifts during recent blizzards. I see, too, that one local authority is becoming worried lest the emergency services organized with the aid of A.A. aircraft may make residents in remote areas less self-reliant (as most motorists now are), and cause them to lose the habit of keeping emergency stocks of food for bad weather.

The A.A. is extending its radio aid network to three new areas, giving coverage over more than 47,000 square miles in Britain. New transmitters at Norwich, Lincoln and Alnwick will bring radio instructions to patrols in Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Northumberland and the teleprinter network will be extended to include 33 offices. Over 300 new patrol vehicles are going on the road and 250 new or modernized telephone boxes will appear at the roadside this year.

Viscount Brentford, chairman of the A.A., has forecast that with growing prosperity and relaxation of credit restrictions there may be nearly 8½ million vehicles on our roads by the end of this year. And our roads are already the most crowded in the world.

Traffic congestion in the cities has caused the R.A.C. to adopt a nimble new patrol vehicle, a scooter with lightweight sidecar which is being introduced in London and many other cities and towns. The photograph (top) shows Miss June Evans, one of the Birmingham Patrolettes, on her new scooter. Perhaps this may explain why the present-day motorist is so ready to call for help.

The R.A.C. has just launched a personal accident insurance plan for motorists and

motor cyclists travelling in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire, inspired by the short term policies popular for air and rail travel. Every one of the tens of thousands of routes and itineraries issued by the Home Touring Department now carries a proposal form. Driver and passengers can be insured for any length of journey for benefits up to £1,000. Cover for cars ranges from 2s. 6d. for three days up to 10s. for two months. This looks like a simple way of covering the gaps in many conventional car insurance policies.

Recent proposals for traffic wardens to supplement the police force have produced the usual suggestions that the motoring organizations' patrols should be given the

job. The motoring organizations do, of course, give a lot of help in organizing parking on special occasions and in other countries they go further. In Italy the city authorities seem to hire out the streets to the automobile clubs, who organize street parking, collect fees for it and give their members special privileges.

But fundamentally the job of the patrols is to help motorists to keep out of trouble; not to go round reporting parking offences. The suggested traffic wardens are intended mainly to enforce parking regulations because there are too many cars and too few parking spaces. They can cure nothing. The money would therefore be better spent on providing off-street parking accommodation.

THE VICIOUS (POLICE COURT) CIRCLE

THE NEW LEGAL SYSTEM NOW IN FORCE which saves the police spending time in court where a motorist has pleaded guilty by post, was designed to save the time of police and courts. But the magistrates are having a harder time than ever, and cases are now being dealt with four or five months after the alleged offence occurred. It is being alleged that the police are using the time they have saved in court appearances to bring more prosecutions requiring appearances in court, thus defeating the whole object of the scheme.

What a waste of money and effort it all is! The legacy of decades of folly when the authorities closed their eyes to the rising tide of traffic and hoped that if they ignored it long enough it would disappear.

Some far-sighted police authorities are becoming concerned over the possibility that

this incessant activity over technical offences will cause motorists to regard the police as their natural enemies. However, we have at least managed to preserve one fundamental distinction in this matter. The police detect and report offences. They have nothing to do with trying the case or deciding the punishment. In France and some other Continental countries police have been suspending driving licences on what often appear to be the flimsiest grounds (allegations of exceeding the speed limit based on the estimate of an officer backed by no stop watch or other measuring device, for example).

It is no surprise to find that British conceptions of justice differ widely from those in operation elsewhere, but I was shaken to learn recently that even in parts of Australia, the police have the right to withdraw licences.

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DINING IN

Trick of the flip

by HELEN BURKE

CUSTOMS DIE OUT, but the habit of having pancakes on Shrove Tuesday (next week) remains. With the new non-stick fry-pans, sticking, the biggest bugbear of pancake-making, is at an end.

But if you haven't one of these pans, or an ordinary one that has been broken in, I suggest that, at the last minute, a large teaspoon of melted butter (for four oz. flour) be stirred into the batter. There is then every possibility that the pancakes will not stick, provided that the pan is not too hot.

Actually, two pans are better than one, since they halve the last-minute cooking time. Their bases should not be more than 6½ to 7 inches across.

The English way of serving thin pancakes with sugar, and a quarter lemon to squeeze over each, is as pleasant and refreshing as any. Orange juice is a good second to lemon.

The following batter will make eight to nine pancakes, 6½ to 7

inches in diameter: Sift four oz. plain flour and a good pinch of salt into a basin. Sugar is not essential, but half an oz. of icing sugar will not make the batter too sweet. Drop in a large egg or two smaller ones and begin to stir. Have ready half a pint of liquid (milk and water, half and half, because that mixture is better than all milk). Gradually stir and beat it in. Sieve the batter if there is any suspicion of lumps. Leave the batter to stand for an hour or two. Add the melted butter.

Get the two pans fairly hot on the cooker. Scrape off a small spot of butter into each and wipe it over the surface with a pad of good cotton-wool. Pour into each pan two to three tablespoons of the batter. After less than a minute, rub the tip of a knife round the edges and give each pan a short tap on the table—then toss each pancake. This is much easier than turning them with a palette knife. Cook the other sides. Repeat until all the batter is used.

Sprinkle each pancake with caster sugar and lemon juice and fold or roll up.

At the rate of two a minute, it will not take long to make enough pancakes for the family.

Crêpes Suzette are the stars of the pancake world. Make them early on and stack them one on top of the other on the bottom of an upturned plate. They can then be finished off when required.

For the above quantity of pancakes, rub 1½ oz. cube sugar on the rind of Jaffa oranges to absorb the "zest" (essence). Squeeze the juice from the oranges and add the sugar cubes to it. Or use tangerines. In this case, have a little more than ½ pint of their juice. Crush the sugar in the juice to break it up. Then melt it in a large frying-pan.

Add 1 to 1½ oz. butter and simmer the mixture together to get a nicely thickened syrup. Lift a pancake into the hot syrup, fold it over in four, drain and pass to the side of a pan or into a heated fire-proof entrée dish. Repeat until all the pancakes have been treated in this way. If necessary, add a little more orange juice, sugar and butter and cook to a syrup.

Finally, heat two to three tablespoons of brandy, set it alight and pour it aflame over the pancakes. Serve at once.

For a new flavour, substitute Negrita rum for the brandy.

Normandy Pancakes, as given by

Escoffier, are an excellent family sweet. As they are double, one is enough for each serving.

For the above quantity of batter, peel and chop one large or two small apples. Gently cook them in a little butter. Pour the batter into the buttered pan as before and cook on one side. Spread a little of the apple pulp on top and cover it with a thin layer of batter. Leave it to set, then turn it and brown the other side. Repeat.

Sprinkle with caster sugar and serve. If cream is available, so much the better.



DINING OUT

On the track of the cocktail

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



I HAVE BEEN doing a little research on the subject of cocktails. To start with I tried to discover the origin of the word. But no two people give the same answer, although they advance a number of theories on the subject, some quite amazing. I think the last paragraph in the chapter on the history of the cocktail in the United Kingdom Bar Tenders' Guild, *Guide to Drinks*, sums up the question:

"The Guild is of the opinion that it will always be a matter of conjecture as to the origin of the 'Cocktail' as we know it; one claim appears to be as fantastic as another where drinks are mixed."

One thing is abundantly clear—that it originated in America.

James Laver in a chronicle on Imbibing in Britain (part of *The Compleat Imbibor Book 2*; Putnam's 25s.) says that what he describes as the "Cocktail Era" in England did not really get under way until after the First World War and it was then that ordinary people and the

daily press became aware of them. He goes on to say:

"The young people of the twenties, in particular the most publicized of them, known as 'The Bright Young Things,' spent, so it seemed, a considerable part of their time and their income sitting in bars and imbibing potent mixtures, equally bad for their health and their morals."

"The cocktail-shaker became almost the symbol of the age, and the Poor Little Rich Girls danced along the Primrose Path with their cropped hair, silk-clad legs and short skirts to the wail of the saxophone and the tinkling of 'shaved ice.' No doubt there was a certain amount of truth in this picture; some of 'The Bright Young Things' did come to bad ends. But the cocktail has now passed beyond this stage. It is no longer evocative either of beautiful spies or Night Club Queens, but has taken its place in ordinary civilized life. There is a cocktail-shaker in most upper-

class homes, and the cocktail party, although slightly hit by the revival of sherry in recent years, is an acceptable and recognized form of entertaining."

I personally would say that the revival of sherry and the introduction of wine parties in peoples' own homes has done more than "slightly" hit the cocktail party. With the tremendous tax on gin, and spirits, a party where, for example, you only served dry Martinis could be expensive.

I have been surprised at the number of parties I have been to where perhaps only two kinds of sherry were offered with possibly gin and tonic as well; or, alternatively, wine parties where a small selection of different wines were available with pieces of various kinds of English cheese as an accompaniment. These can be economical affairs.

However, I set out to visit some of our leading bartenders to get some first-hand opinions on what was happening to the cocktail and

how many had survived. This I did armed with the Bartenders' Guild *Guide to Drink* which lists recipes for over 250 cocktails.

At the most, only 12 are ever requested.

John Jones, in the cocktail bar of the Normandie Restaurant in Kingston-on-Thames, won the World Cocktail Championship with a concoction of his own in London in 1952. He says the only cocktails that he serves with any regularity are: Dry Martini, White Lady, Side Car, Manhattan, Bronx, Clover Club, Alexander. The popular long drinks are: Gin and Whisky Sours, Old-Fashioned and John Collins.

Jimmy Hoey at the Westbury in Bond Street said that their turnover in cocktails exceeds 40,000 a year in the bar, 30,000 of which are dry Martinis (and they make possibly the driest in London).

The remainder are mainly Whisky Sours, Manhattans made with rye whisky—and Old-Fashioneds—made with Scotch or Bourbon.

I also interviewed a steward who flies regularly on Far Eastern routes. He said cocktails requested on planes were restricted almost entirely to dry and sweet Martinis or Manhattans. Other drinks in considerable demand were sherry, gin and tonic and Scotch whisky.

All the master mixers I spoke to are quite certain the cocktail will remain with us for ever, but no matter how many new ones are invented, 99 per cent of those asked for will be always within the same true and trusted half-dozen.

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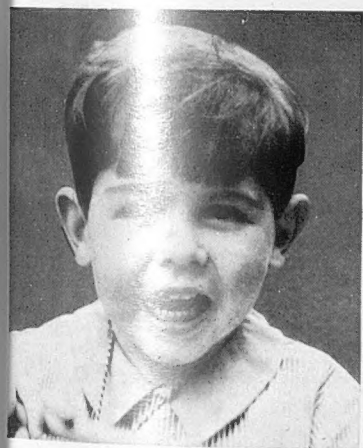
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- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Earth | 7. The origin of Comets |
| 2. Terrestrial Meteorite Craters | 8. The Sun |
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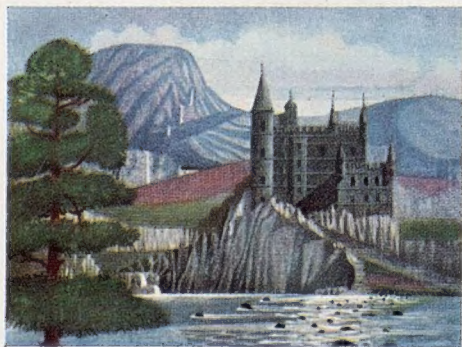
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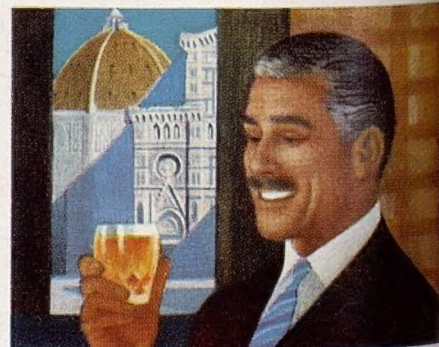
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